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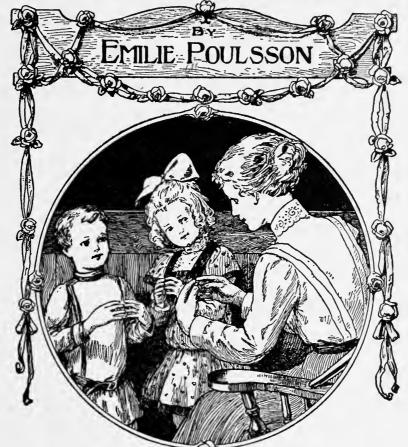




"WHAT THE CHILD IMITATES, HE BEGINS TO UNDERSTAND." - Froche

FINGER PLAYS

FOR NURSERY AND KINDERGARTEN



Music By
Cornelia C. Roeske
Illustrations By L.J.Bridgman

LOTHROP. LEE AND SHEPARD CO.

FINCER PLAYS.

TRADE-MARK

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PREFACE.

"What the child imitates," says Froebel, "he begins to understand. Let him represent the flying of birds and he enters partially into the life of birds. Let him imitate the rapid motion of fishes in the water and his sympathy with fishes is quickened. Let him reproduce the activities of farmer, miller and baker, and his eyes open to the meaning of their work. In one word let him reflect in his play the varied aspects of life and his thought will begin to grapple with their significance."

In all times and among all nations, finger-plays have been a delight of childhood. Countless babies have laughed and crowed over "Pat-a-cake" and other performances of the soft little hands; while children of whatever age never fail to find amusement in playing

"Here is the church,
And here's the steeple,
Open the doors,
And here are the people!"

and others as well known.

Yet it is not solely upon the pleasure derived from them, that finger-plays depend for their raison d'etre. By their judicious and early use, the development of strength and flexibility in the tiny lax fingers may be assisted, and dormant thought may receive its first awakening call through the motions which interpret as well as illustrate the phase of life or activity presented by the words.

The eighteen finger-plays contained in this book have already, through publication in Babuland, been introduced to their especial public, and have been much used in homes, though perhaps more in kindergartens. It will readily be seen that while some of the plays are for the babies in the nursery, others are more suitable for older children.

A baby-friend, ten months old, plays "All for Baby" throughout, pounding and clapping gleefully with all his might — while children seven or eight years of age play and sing "The Caterpillar," "How the Corn Grew" and others with very evident enjoyment.

With a little study of the charming and expressive pictures with which the artist, Mr. L. J. Bridgman, has so sympathetically illustrated the rhymes, mothers and kinder-gartners have easily understood what motions were intended. To elucidate still farther, however, the playing of "The Merry Little Men" may be thus described:

During the singing of the first verse, the children look about in every direction for the "little men," but keep the hands hidden. At the beginning of the second verse, raise both hands to full view with fingers outspread and quiet. At the words, "The first to come," etc., let the thumbs be shown alone, then the others as named in turn, till all are again outspread as at the beginning of the second verse. In the last verse the arms are moved from side to side, hands being raised and fingers fluttering nimbly all the time. When displaying the "busy little men," raise the hands as high as possible.

The music, composed by Miss Cornelia C. Roeske, will be found melodious and attractive and especially suited to the voices and abilities of the very young children for whom it is chiefly intended.

The harmonic arrangement is also purposely simple in consideration of the many mothers and kindergartners who cannot devote time to preparatory practice.

EMILIE POULSSON.

Boston, 1889.

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DEDICATED TO LITTLE CHILDREN

AT HOME AND IN KINDERGARTEN

BY THEIR FRIEND,

EMILIE POULSSON.



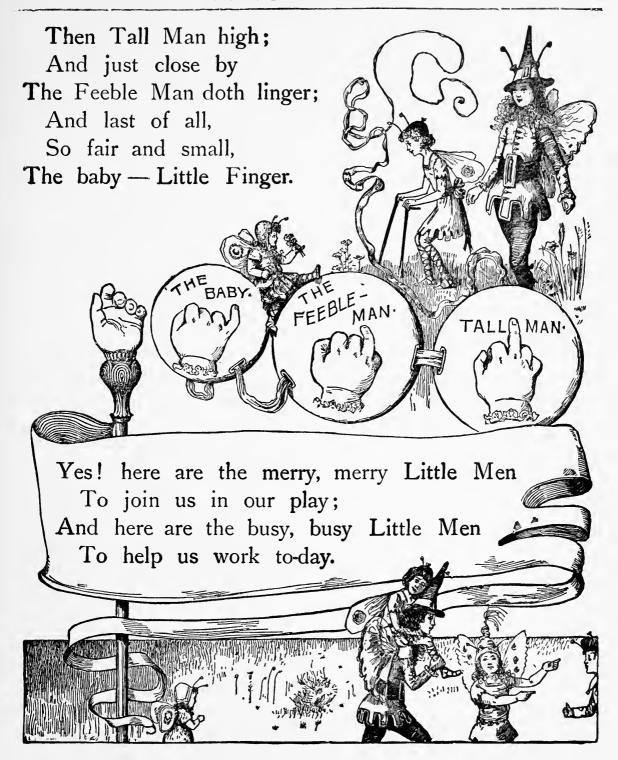
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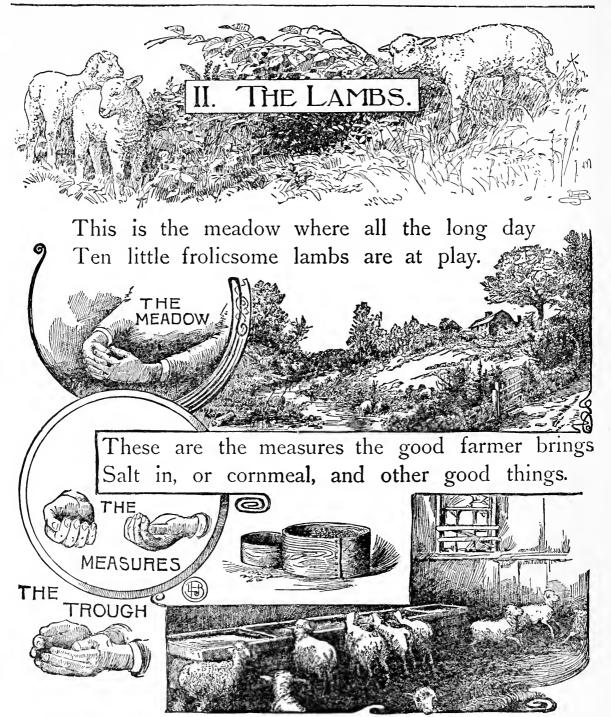








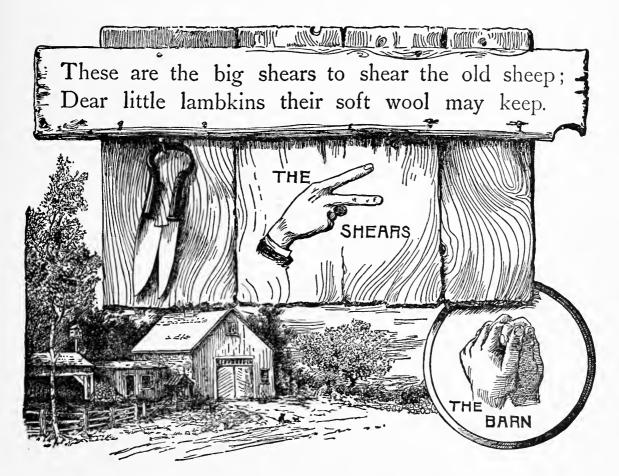




This is the lambkins' own big water-trough; Drink, little lambkins, and then scamper off!



This is the rack where in winter they feed; Hay makes a very good dinner indeed.

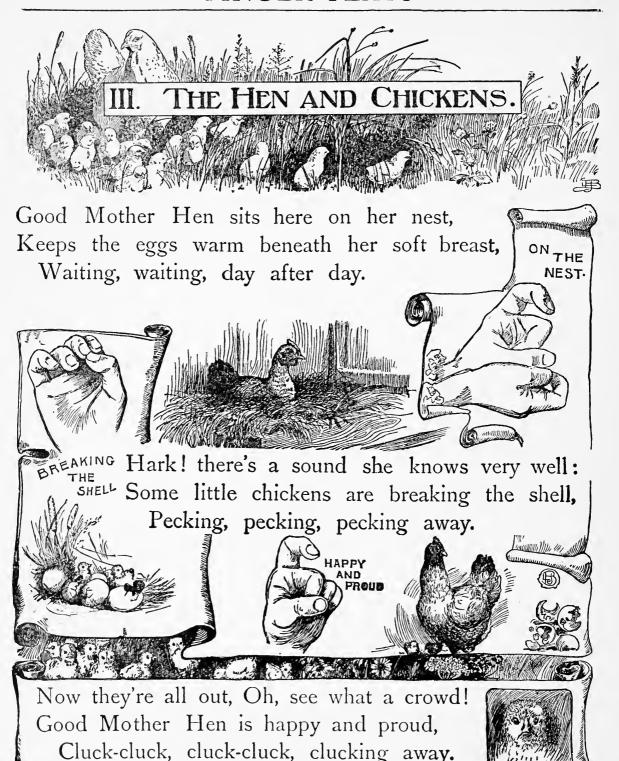


Here, with its big double doors shut so tight, This is the barn where they all sleep at night

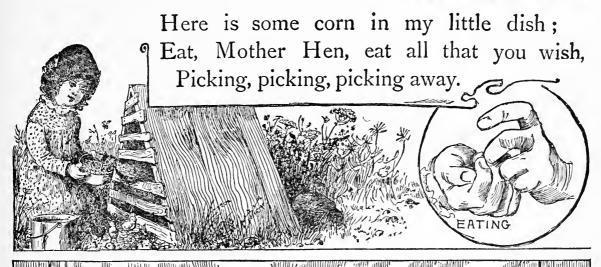


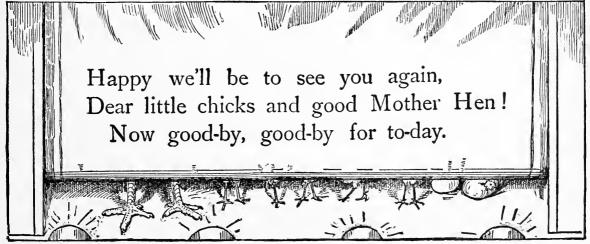
- 2 This is the lambkins' own big water-trough; Drink, little lambkins, and then scamper off! This is the rack where in winter they feed; Hay makes a very good dinner indeed.
- 3 These are the big shears to shear the old sheep; Dear little lambkins their soft wool may keep. Here, with its big double doors shut so tight, This is the barn where they all sleep at night.

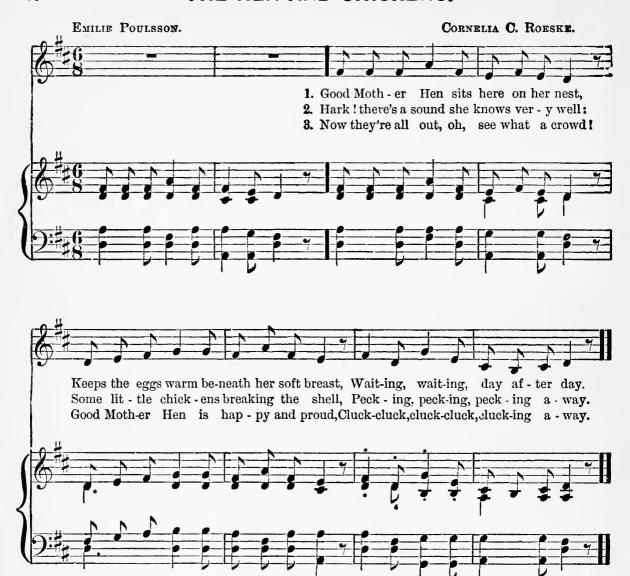






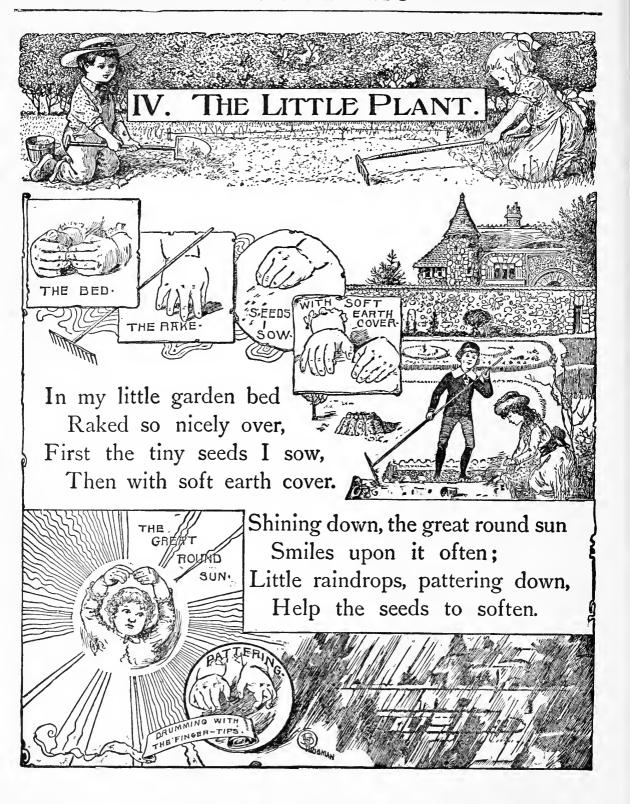


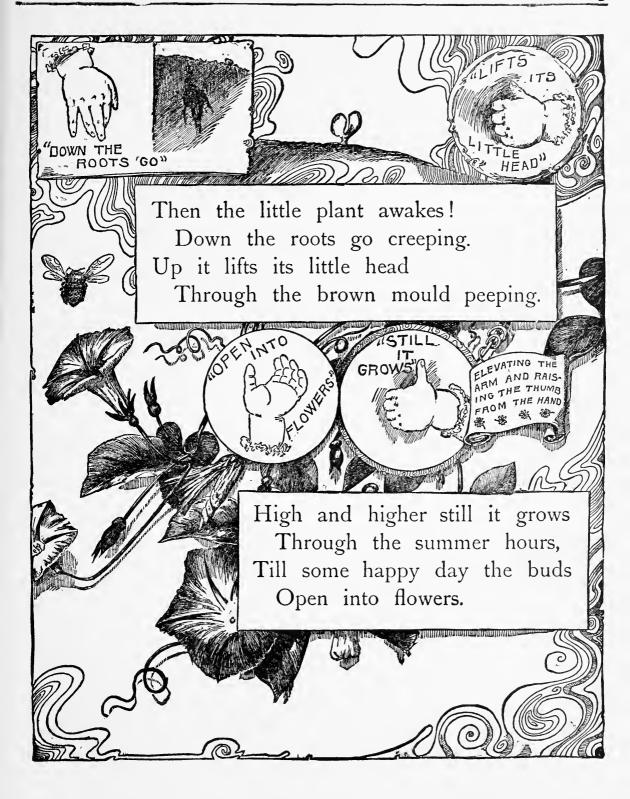




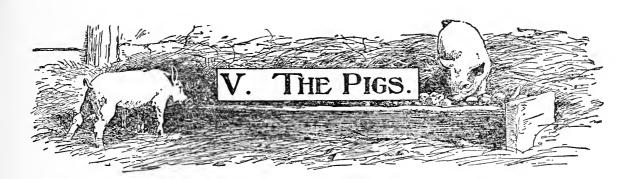
- 4 Into the coop the mother must go; While all the chickens run to and fro, Peep-peep, peep-peep, peeping away.
- 5 Here is some corn in my little dish; Eat, Mother Hen, eat all that you wish. Picking, picking, picking away.
- 6 Happy we'll be to see you again, Dear little chicks and good Mother Hen! Now good-bye, good-bye for to-day



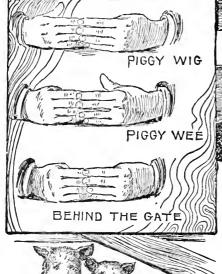






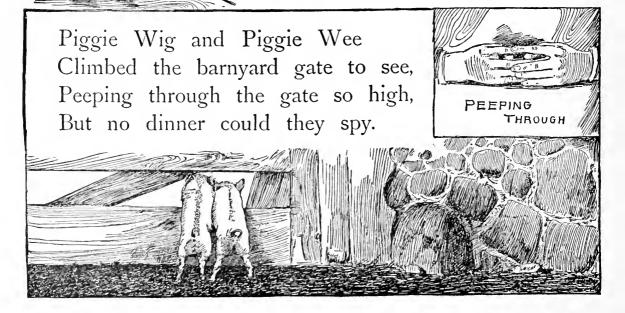






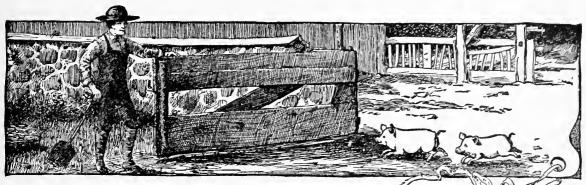


Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee, Hungry pigs as pigs could be, For their dinner had to wait Down behind the barnyard gate.





Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee Got down sad as pigs could be; But the gate soon opened wide And they scampered forth outside.



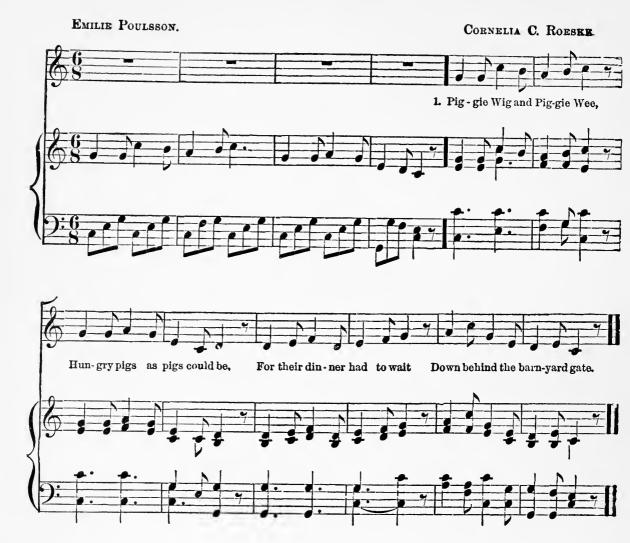
Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee, What was their delight to see Dinner ready not far off—Such a full and tempting trough!







Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee, Greedy pigs as pigs could be, For their dinner ran pell-mell; In the trough both piggies fell

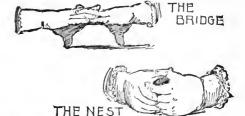


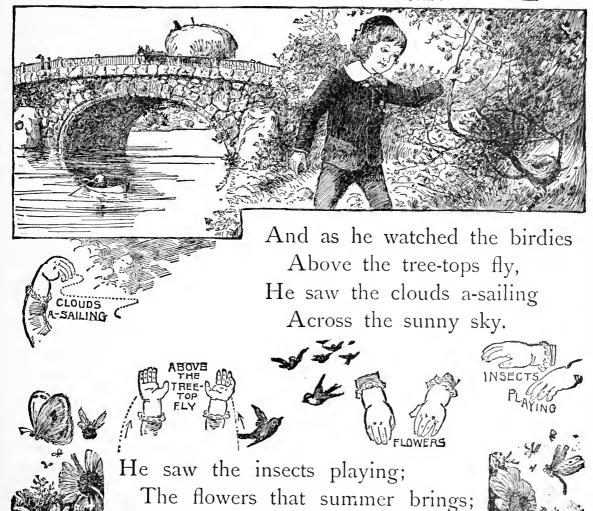
- 2 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee Climbed the barn-yard gate to see, Peeping through the gate so high, But no dinner could they spy.
- 8 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee Got down sad as pigs could be; But the gate soon opened wide And they scampered forth outside.
- 4 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee, What was their delight to see Dinner ready not far off— Such a full and tempting trough!
- 5 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee, Greedy pigs as pigs could be, For their dinner ran pell-mell; In the trough both piggies fell.





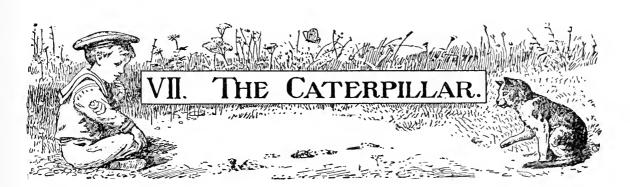
The bridge above the water;
And when he stopped to rest,
He saw among the bushes
A wee ground-sparrow's nest.



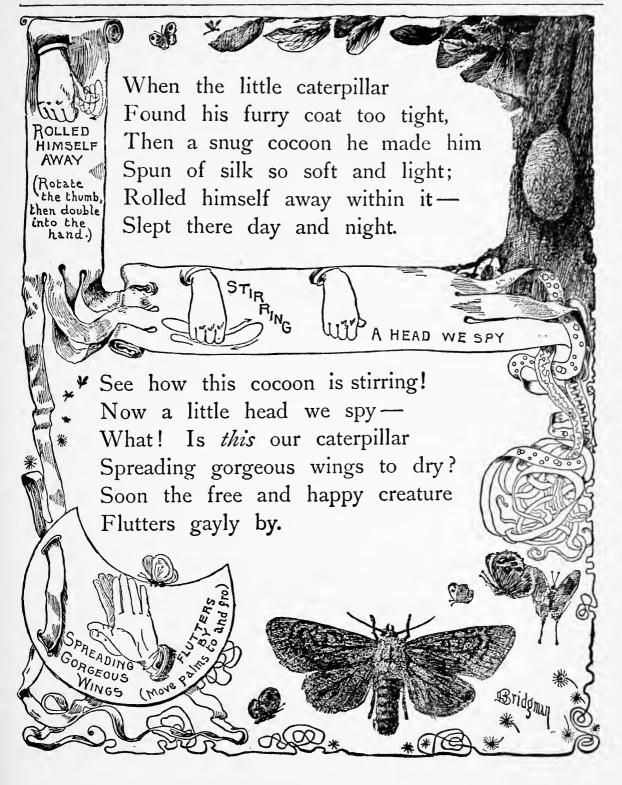


He said, "I'll go tell mamma!

I've seen so many things!"

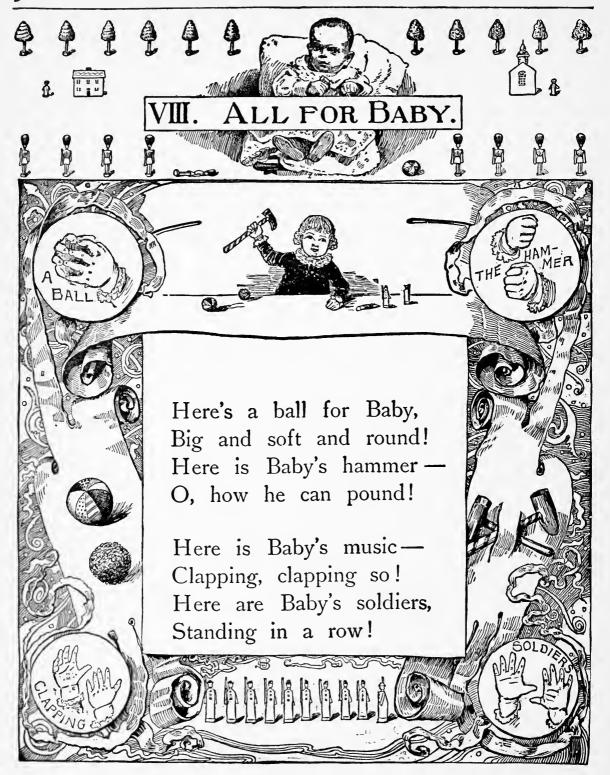


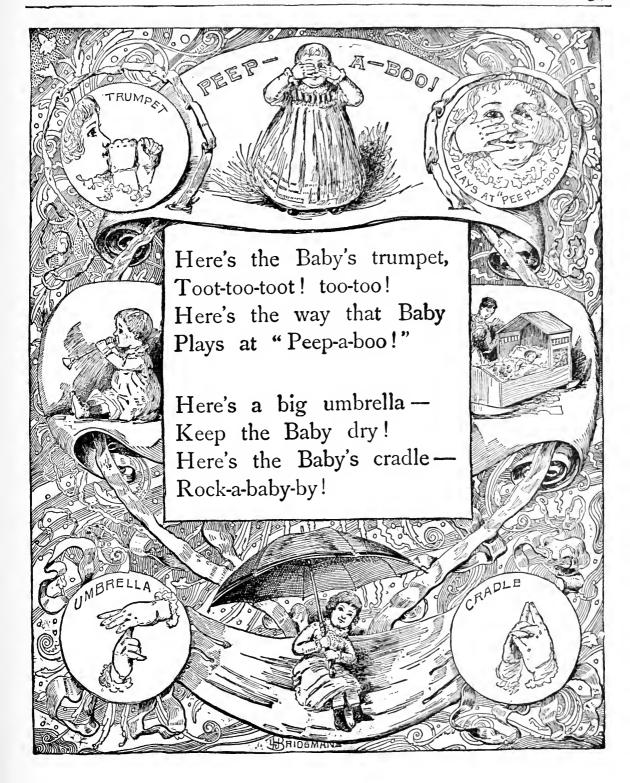














2 Here is Baby's music Clapping, clapping so! Here are Baby's soldiers, Standing in a row!

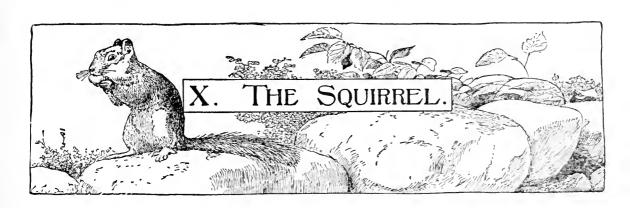
- 8 Here's the Baby's trumpet, Toot-too-toot! too-too! Here's the way that Baby Plays at "Peep-a-boo!"
- 4 Here's a big umbrella —
 Keeps the Baby dry!
 Here's the Baby's cradle —
 Rock-a-baby by!

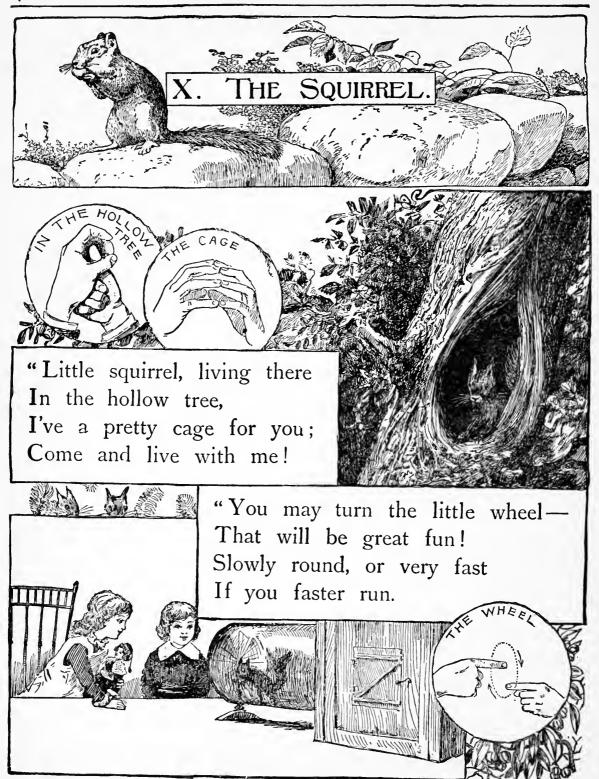


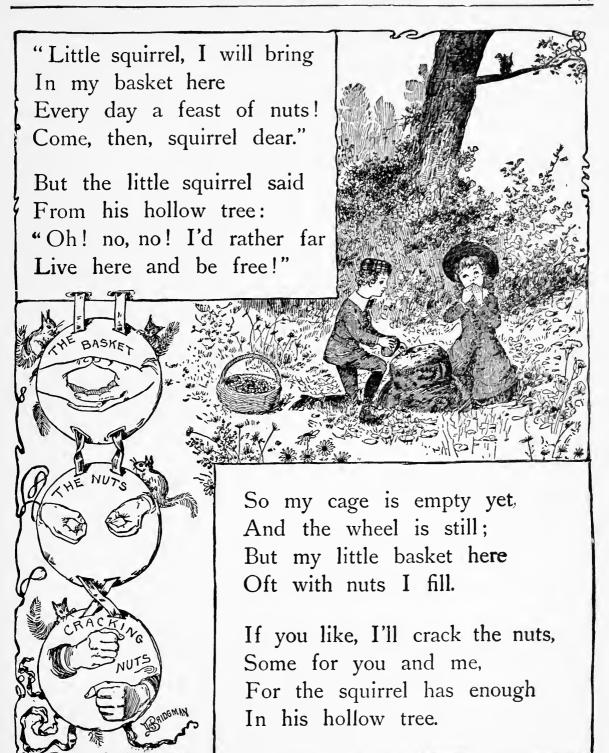


















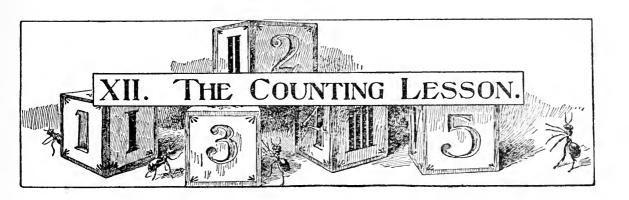
"Here is some water, Sparkling and clear; Come, little sparrows, Drink without fear.

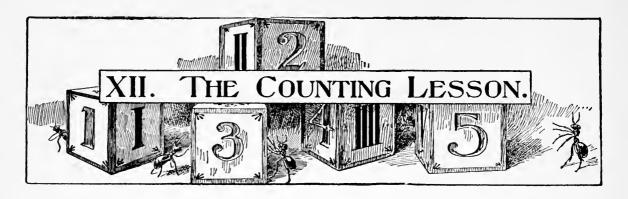


"If you are tired,
Here is a nest;
Wouldn't you like to
Come here to rest?"



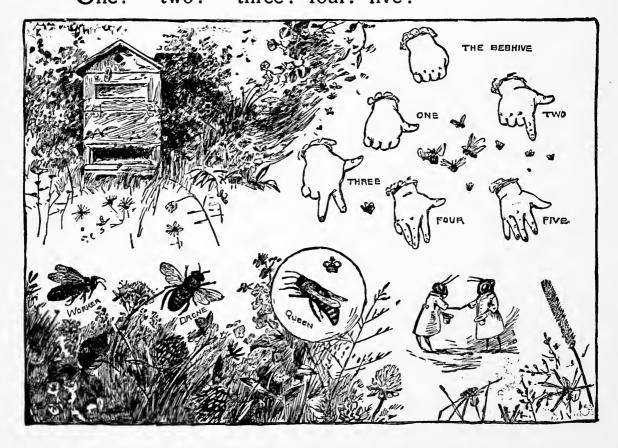


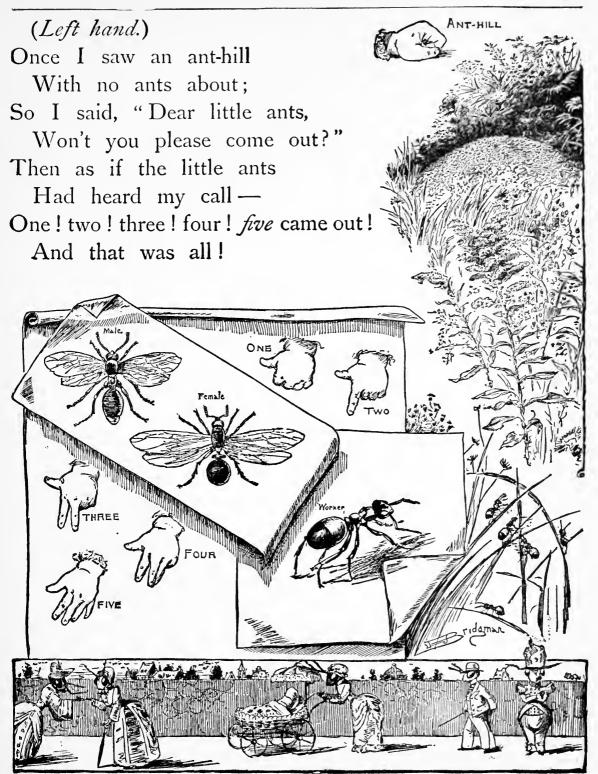




(Right hand.)

Here is the beehive. Where are the bees? Hidden away where nobody sees. Soon they come creeping out of the hive—One!—two!—three! four! five!





THE COUNTING LESSON.

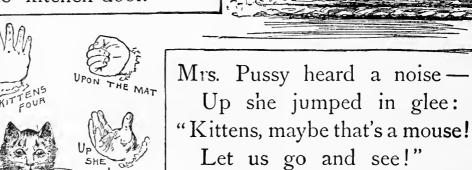


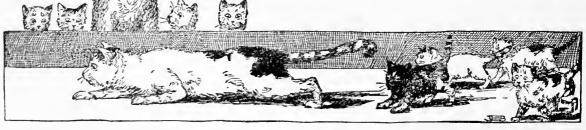


(Right hand)



Mrs. Pussy, sleek and fat,
With her kittens four,
Went to sleep upon the mat
By the kitchen door.



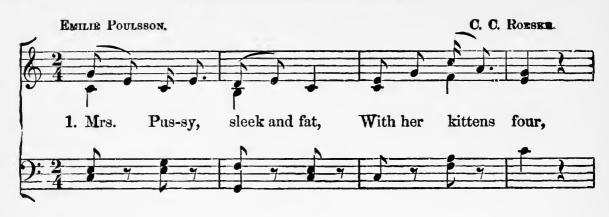






Creeping, creeping, creeping on,
Silently they stole;
But the little mouse had gone
Back within its hole.







- 2 Mrs. Pussy heard a noise —
 Up she jumped in glee:
 "Kittens, maybe that's a mouse!
 Let us go and see!"
- 3 Creeping, creeping, creeping on, Silently they stole;But the little mouse had gone Back within its hole.
- 4 "Well," said Mrs. Pussy then,"To the barn we'll go;We shall find the swallows thereFlying to and fro."

- 5 So the cat and kittens four Tried their very best; But the swallows flying fast Safely reached the nest!
- 6 Home went hungry Mrs. Puss
 And her kittens four;
 Found their dinner on a plate
 By the kitchen door.
- 7 Mrs. Puss said, "Meow! To chase Birds and mice is fun; But I'm glad that dinner-plates Cannot fly or run!"





There was a field that waiting lay,
All hard and brown and bare;
There was a thrifty farmer came
And fenced it in with care.



THE PLOW



Then came a plowman with his plow; From early until late, Across the field and back again,

He plowed the furrows straight.

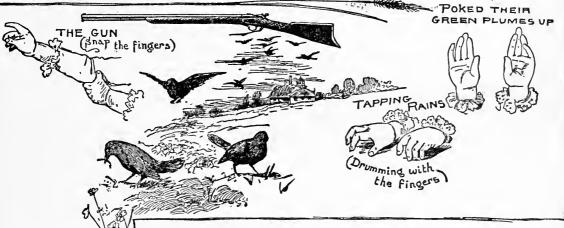
The harrow then was brought to make
The ground more soft and loose;
And soon the farmer said with joy,
"My field is fit for use."

For many days the farmer then
Was working with his hoe;
And little Johnny brought the corn
And dropped the kernels—so!

And there they lay, until awaked
By tapping rains that fell,
Then pushed their green plumes up
to greet

The sun they loved so well.





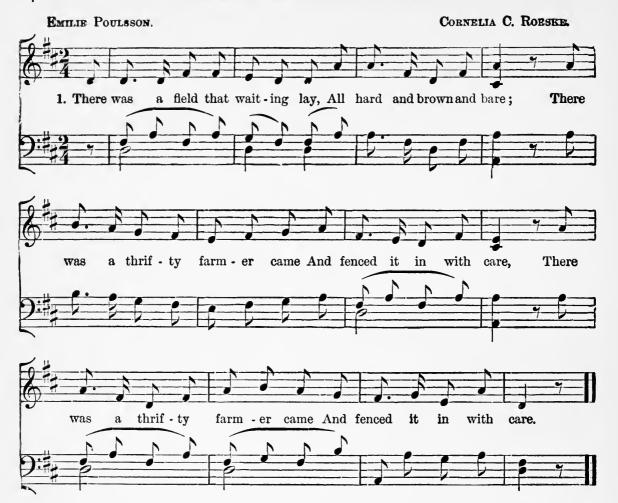
Then flocks and flocks of hungry crows

Came down the corn to taste;

But ba-ang!—went the farmer's gun

And off they flew in haste.

Then grew and grew the corn, until,
When autumn days had come,
With sickles keen they cut it down,
And sang the "Harvest Home."

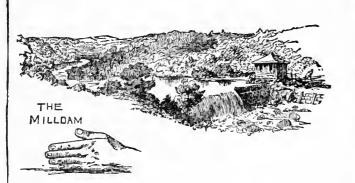


- 2 Then came a ploughman with his plough;From early until late,Across the field and back again,He ploughed the furrows straight.
- 3 The harrow then was brought to make
 The ground more soft and loose;
 And soon the farmer said with joy,
 "My field is fit for use."
- 1 For many days the farmer then
 Was working with his hoe;
 And little Johnny brought the corn
 And dropped the kernels—so!

- 5 And there they lay, until awaked
 By tapping rains that fell,
 Then pushed their green plumes up to green
 The sun they loved so well.
- 6 Then flocks and flocks of hungry crows
 Came down the corn to taste;
 But ba-ang! went the farmer's gun,
 And off they flew in haste.
- 7 Then grew and grew the corn, until, When autumn days had come, With sickles keen they cut it down, And sang the "Harvest Home."



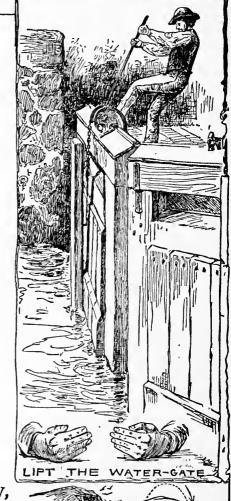




A merry little river
Went singing day by day,
Until it reached a mill-dam
That stretched across its way.

And there it spread its waters,
A quiet pond, to wait
Until the busy miller
Should lift the water-gate.

Then, hurrying through the gateway,
The dashing waters found
A mighty millwheel waiting,
And turned it swiftly round.





But faster turned the millstones
Up in the dusty mill,
And quickly did the miller
With corn the hopper fill.

And faster yet and faster

The heavy stones went round,

Until the golden kernels

To golden meal were ground.

"Now fill the empty hopper With wheat," the miller said;

"We'll grind this into flour To make the children's bread."



THE

And still, as flowed the water,

The mighty wheel went round;

And still, as turned the millstones,

The corn and grain were ground.

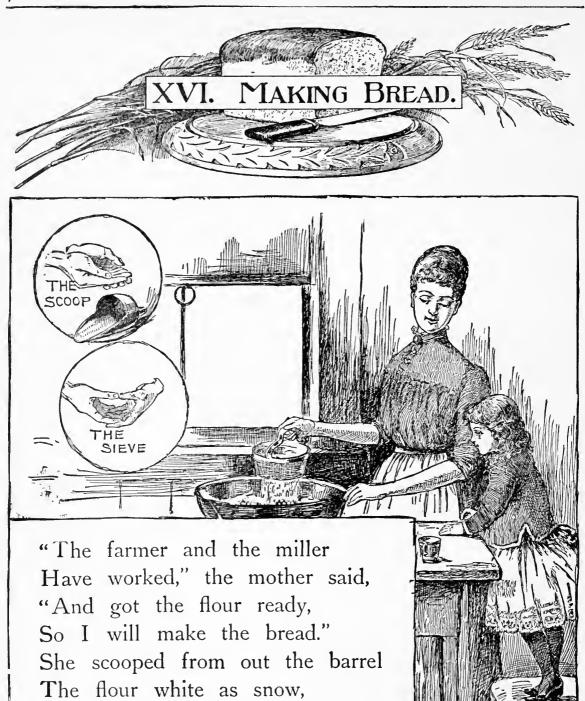
And busy was the miller
The livelong day, until
The water-gate he fastened,
And silent grew the mill.



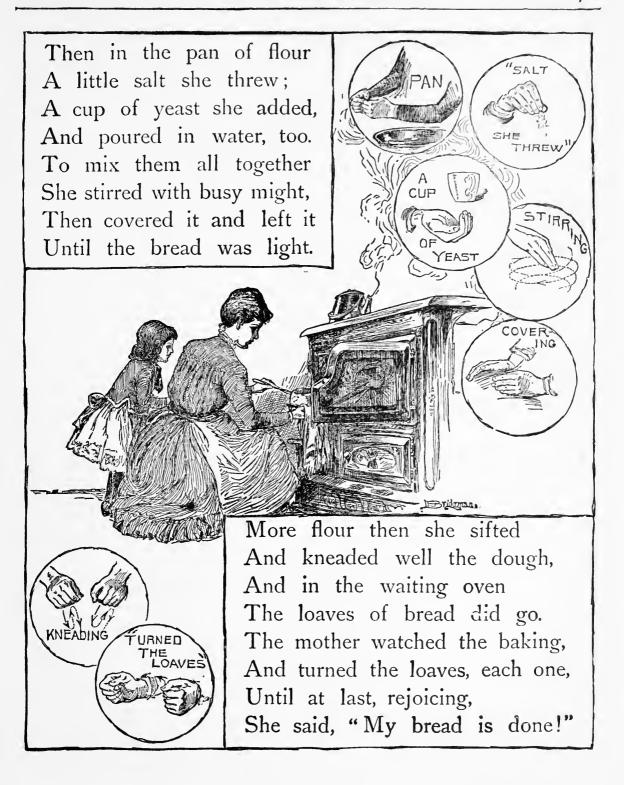
- 2 Then, hurrying through the gateway,
 The dashing waters found
 A mighty millwheel waiting—
 And turned it swiftly round.
 But faster turned the millstone
 Up in the dusty mill,
 And quickly did the miller
 With corn the hopper fill.
- 3 And faster yet and faster
 The heavy stones went round,
 Until the golden kernels
 To golden meal were ground.

- "Now, fill the empty hopper With wheat," the miller said;
- "We'll grind this into flour To make the children's bread."
- 4 And still, as flowed the water,
 The mighty wheel went round;
 And still, as turned the millstones,
 The corn and grain were ground.
 And busy was the miller
 The livelong day, until
 The water gate he fastened,
 And silent grew the mill.





The flour white as snow, And in her sieve she put it And shook it to and fro.





2 Then in the pan of flour

A little salt she threw;
A cup of yeast she added,
And poured in water, too.

To mix them all together

She stirred with busy might,
Then covered it and left it
Until the bread was light.

3 More flour then she sifted
And kneaded well the dougu,
And in the waiting oven
The loaves of bread did go.
The mother watched the baking,
And turned the loaves, each one,
Until at last, rejoicing,
She said, "My bread is done!"



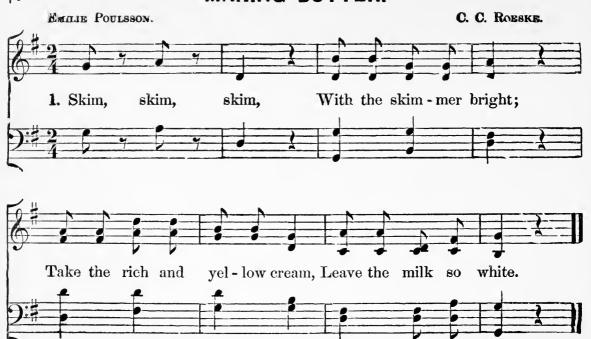




Skim, skim, skim,
With the skimmer bright;
Take the rich and yellow cream,
Leave the milk so white.

Churn, churn, churn,
Now 'tis churning day;
Till the cream to butter turn
Dasher must not stay.





- 2 Churn, churn, churn,
 Now 'tis churning day;
 Till the cream to butter turn
 Dasher must not stay.
 - 3 Press, press, press;
 All the milk must be
 From the golden butter now
 Pressed out carefully.
- 4 Pat, pat, pat,

 Make it smooth and round.

 See! the roll of butter's done—

 Won't you buy a pound?
 - 5 Taste, oh! taste,This is very nice.Spread it on the children's bread,Give them each a slice.

